PUDUKKOTTAI STATE

WAR INFORMATION BUREAU

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LECTURE XXXIV.

WARTIME INDIA, A MEDLEY OF IMPRESSIONS.

ELSEWHERE in this Bulletin you will read of the Bureau's new departure—in the direction of topical film-shows for our villages. It was this business that took me recently on some 2,000 miles of train journey, and so interesting did I find several incidents on the way, that I take the liberty of inflicting some of them on you, though they be merely the reminiscences of a 'country cousin' gazing wide-mouthed at the wonders of the metropolis.

I MEET THE ENEMY. Somewhere between BANGALORE and BOMBAY I had my first conversation with men who had already fought battles in this war—and young, sturdy, fit looking, jolly fellows they were on the whole. The most interesting things about them were that they were packed in rather close quarters in third-class carriages, their sole military equipment seemed to be a pair of shorts apiece, and that at intervals down the train were carriage-loads of stalwart Indian troops all bristling with arms. The truth is that my friends were—the enemy! *Thousands* of Italian prisoners on their way from ships recently arrived in BOMBAY from NORTH AFRICA, on their way to prison-camps for the rest of the war.

"Hullo!" I said to a good-looking, swarthy, half nude youth, who had just finished singing 'O Sole mio', "how are you getting on? All right?"

"Yais! Arlright" was the reply from half a dozen of his fellows, sitting or lying at all angles in the packed carriage. But that was the extent of their English, so I had to make the rest of my short conversation in laboured French. I was just gathering that they weren't too sorry to have exchanged SIDI BARRANI for GUNTAKAL, when a smart looking *naik* of the...... Punjabis poked his head out of the next carriage and told me in Urdu to push off!

"*Accha, ji*," said I, with my most ingratiating smile, "*mut gubrao! Mai General Sahib hain!*" (I thought this an almost pardonable piece of deceit, and was rather pleased with my own ready wit!)

"I don't care whether you are the Commander-in-Chief Sahib," replied the dutiful son of Hindustan. "My orders are that no one shall approach the prisoners, so just *bhago*!" My knowledge of Urdu being an improvement on my French or Italian, I smiled wanly, and went back to my own train—but I had seen erstwhile foes of Britain 'liquidated' from the war, by the thousand, and I silently took off my hat to General Wavell—even if he won't let me talk to his prisoners-of-war.

ORIENTAL INTERLUDE. Forgive me if I jump about a bit with my subjects, but the next topic I tried to memorise for your benefit concerned enemy 'probables' rather than 'has beens', namely the Japs. My carriage companion was an officer who had just arrived from the Far East, plus young wife in trousers, and minute infant in a wicker basket. They had come all the way from SHANGHAI like that—and had a good deal further to go.

"Japs? Yes I know. Quite decent people, in their own homes, in their own country, you know, but when they get on their high horse in some one else's country, complete swine-dogs: Trouble is that the military caucus has run away with them. Konoye and Matsuoka, German inspired and borne up by military bayonets, have sort of broken loose. The 'glorious destiny of NIPPON' and the 'New Order in the East' don't mean a thing to the half-fed and over-worked Japanese people really; but the Diet is ignored, strikes are suppressed, thanks to spies in every factory and farm, and the Generals are going to get away with it, money or no money, food or no food, Americans or no Americans! The only brake on the whole runaway bus is the Court—but if every paper and cinema and radio insists that the Emperor (still a mighty figure in Japanese sentiment) is on board and cheering on the driver, the nation will have to bump up against the Yankees before it comes to its senses!"

The speaker had not been a soldier when he left, but, with such sentiments, doubtless feels that a Junior Officer's School for him, and half a small

cottage in an Indian hill-station for trousered wife and crawling babe, is a good exchange for a rich business flat in SHANGHAI, with the Japanese swanking and swashbuckling in the streets.

A WAR CITY. To the patriotic gentlemen who publicly oppose the War-effort and then complain that 'C. division' detention is unsuited to their high birth or their hydrocele, I strongly recommend a trip to BOMBAY. It might correct their perspective a bit. It was a complete eye-opener for this particular rustic just up from the country, so to speak. For BOMBAY has become a strange place, a war city. For instance, having been an amateur soldier in the last war, I thought I could place most uniformed men by their badges and their epaulettes. But in my hotel in BOMBAY I counted either thirteen or fourteen uniforms which might, for all I knew or still know, have denoted warriors from anywhere between TIERRA DEL FUEGO and VALHALLA, with ranks from an executioner's second 'matey' to the Lord High Everything-else. I hardly said a word in the two days I was there nor did I go to a cinema. The kaleidoscope of races, sexes and uniforms both in that hotel, and on the streets, was quite enough entertainment.

HOTEL KALEIDOSCOPE. But in those dining-rooms, and saloons and corridors, there were a lot of people doing a job of work—a job of work for INDIA, for the Empire, and for Human Decency, whom I could recognise,—and envy. There were trim hurrying British officers, Infantry, Tanks, Armoured Cars, Air Force, Staff, Gunners, Doctors, Embarkation, Signals, and Sappers ; with red tabs, purple tabs, green tabs, and with stars, crowns, stars-and-crowns, crossed sabres and so on, on their lapels or their epaulettes ; there were gravesome, smart Indians, in short khaki tunics, some in blue-grey long-skirted tunic-shirts, and they too with sambrown belts, and glittering stars on their shoulders ; there were Naval Officers, in immaculate white, with their gold buttons and their gold stripes on dark-blue epaulettes ; there were two tables-full of young girls, fresh, fit, and quite easy to look at, in the nattiest of grey tunics and skirts, with black ties at the necks of white silk blouses, and the most rakishly elegant felt hats, coming punctually to meals, arriving and leaving with three or four senior women in the same uniforms, and a couple of uniformed Doctors. These were either Australians or NEW ZEALAND probationer nurses, putting the finish on their training in BOMBAY, before being shipped on their merciful errands to..............or..................or..............
Then more varied uniforms, badges and armlets ; Colonial Officers and Foreign Consuls ; Police Officers and Provost staff ; and the languages spoken at the tables were Babel.

STREET DITTO. Down below, if you went for a stroll, you could go very few yards along any of the streets in the Fort without meeting a husky group of the finest specimens of manhood you could dream of. Bare-legged, nearly, and bare-armed, their mighty limbs tanned or still raw-red from the sun, Australian and New Zealand troops strode about in Boy-Scout hats, loud-voiced but good-tempered, seeing the sights of the great port. A hundred yards away from where I stayed was another hotel, outside which there were always crowds of almost equally perfect he-men, also bare-legged and bare-armed, but uniformed in white instead of khaki, naval ratings from some of the great ships of war lying off in the middle of the harbour. From a distance one might mistake such a group for quite another service, wearing the same white caps, and similar uniforms, but with slighter and browner limbs—the youngsters of the Royal Indian Navy, and clean, keen, happy and fit they looked too. I did not recognise a Pudukkottian face among them.. I wonder why not. There have been several advertisements lately of vacancies in this fine service—for ' boys ', mechanics, clerks, cooks, electricians, signallers, seamen, and so on, offering the good pay, good food and good handling that makes youngsters into the self-reliant, profession-proud sailor of which the Indian Navy now has growing need.

A GENERAL SPEAKS. The harbour looked brassy in the noontide sun. The great ships there seemed less significant than they do when the light is on their flanks. I took the only spare chair I could find on the shady veranda, bade an unacknowledged 'good morning' to a bulky, grey-haired man with a short pipe in his face, already installed at the small table, called for a bottle of beer, and examined the accoutrements of my companion. His shoulder bore the insignia of a General and his bosom the D. S. O., Legion of Honour, and half a dozen medal-ribbons. He read a paper, which made it easier for me to study him but occasionally glanced up, as I did, at the streams of multi-hued arrivals from the lift-door.

" Good as a Cinema," I ventured, after a minute or two.

" Um."

" Do you know half the uniforms you see...Sir ?"

(It was just about here that I had read his shoulder-straps).

" Good God, no. But look at those ships out there. They come from all over the hemisphere. Is it any wonder we get a mixed bag ashore ?" As I looked, a long, low cruiser came stealing into the harbour, past all the liners, and up the main water way until it veered round at speed, and began to draw up facing the harbour mouth.

"Yes, I see," I remarked. "All bringing troops, I suppose. What's that huge four-funnelled boat out there? I think I've seen her before.".

"Probably. That's the '...... *tania*' the third biggest ship in the world. Saw her last in SOUTHAMPTON. Miles too big for the Canal, but nothing to stop her coming round the CAPE, so now she's on this run. That abortion next to her is a Dutchman, troopin' from AUSTRALIA. Biggest and fastest thing they've got. Odd shape, isn't she?"

I noted the queer mixture between a passenger ship and a gigantic racing yacht, that the General referred to, and then, spotting in the crowd my SHANGHAI friend of the train, asked the General what he thought about JAPAN.

"Looks as if they've been pushed over the edge", he said. "But personally I don't give much for 'em."

"They're a warlike race though aren't they?" I queried, "You know, the old SAMURAI spirit, and all that."

"Dunno! Never come up against anything first-class yet, that I remember." He put down his pipe, and accepted a gin-and-bitters from me. "See those blokes?" he resumed, nodding to a bunch of brawny Australians, of all ranks from a captain to a lance-corporal. "They'll *eat* 'em—like cashew nuts—if they ever get at them, but I daresay the American Navy will see to it that the little yellow blighters don't cross the Aussies' path."

He gave no sign of ordering me a drink, and I was getting hungry, but thought I had better ask a real brass-hat what he thought about things nearer Home, while I had the chance.

"Hitler seems to have a lot of irons in the fire. Do *you* think, Sir, that he's going to have a shot at invasion?"

The pipe went back into the tight mouth, a hand swept up the newspaper and the chair creaked. "Wish to God he would! Good morning to you." and the heavy body rolled away down the passage. Out in the haze a couple of small grey craft, rather wicked-looking, began to move purposefully towards the harbour mouth. The Great Man and the destroyers between them sent me down to lunch with such pleasant confidence, that I ventured to remark on the latter to a spotless N. O. at the next table.

THE SNUB GENTLE. "A lot of naval craft about," I began. "What were those two destroyers getting under weigh?"

The Lieutenant Commander fixed me with a hard blue eye, in which deliberate untruth lurked. "I don't know, Sir." (This, I suppose in deference to my grey hairs; for all he knew, I suppose, I might have been a

Chief Secretary to Government, or a Steward of the Races !) "And if I did, I couldn't tell you." Idiot that I am, I only then remembered that one does not ask or speak the names of ships in BOMBAY in war time !

CASUALTY. It was in my carriage on the way back, however, that I really heard most about the war—this one, and. others. Just before the train left, a man in white shirt and shorts and grey stockings, tried the handle of a carriage I had hoped to have to myself. I occupied as much room as I possibly could, both with luggage and my expression, but a small European-dressed Indian with him asked very politely if the Marine (I then noticed the red band round his naval cap) could share with me as far as POONA, as he had to catch this very crowded train to get to hospital there as soon as possible.

Dragging in two enormous long bundles, one of which was his hammock, and the other the whole of his belongings in this world (or so I gather, barring a wife at Home), he sank exhaustedly into the opposite seat, mopped his head and then appeared about to faint. I had some whisky with me, and as the train moved out he swallowed a stiff peg with evident relish, and suddenly said ;

"It's shock—that's what it is!"

"What's the matter ? Who was the bloke that shot you in here ? A doctor ?"

"No, but he sees us cases off by train. Got to see a heart specialist in POONA, they say. Heart ! Nice lookout for me, ain't it ? Me only thirty-five, and me 'ticker all' wrong."

"You oughtn't to have lugged that stuff about," I said reprovingly. "Far too heavy"

"Catch me leaving that behind" was the response. "Still, it IS heavy, and me heart......well, it's the shock what done it, I expect."

MY CORPORAL OF MARINES. And then he began to tell me things.

He was a Royal Marine, a Regular in the last war, and called up as a Reservist in this, his present job being a gunner on board a 12,000 ton oil-tanker. I do not think I could name any port he had not been to ; he had been motor-driver to a Naval Attaché in JAPAN ; he had been shot up by bandits in CHINA (he bared a thin leg to show me a jagged scar) ; he was a Corporal of Marines on board a cruiser in the battle of JUTLAND (which makes me think that he meant 50 and not 35 when he bewailed his unsatisfactory 'ticker'!) ; and since then he had stood fifty-four consecutive hours with a fixed bayonet at the barriers in SHANGHAI, had been through DUNKIRK, had seen the hinder end of

the ship just in front of his (in convoy down the Channel), sheered clean off by a large bomb, whereupon the rest of the ship slid down to the bottom immediately under his nose, and finally had witnessed the attack on BARDIA and the effect of numerous salvoes or broadsides from the men-of-war around him on the defences of that ill-fated town.

I agreed with him that 'shock' was possibly the cause of his 'ticker' being 'all dickey', and gave him another 'peg'.

"DUNKIRK? Cooo! Never saw anything like it. I've seen a few ships in my time, but I never see so many different kinds in one place in my life. There was battleships, and sailing yachts, tankers, and tugs, destroyers and rowing boats, monitors and liners. Where they all come from, blest if I know.

"When we got there, just near enough the beach not to run aground, my old man (his Captain, I presume) throws out his hook, and there we was next to a destroyer. Coming over the sandhills past the town was a row of tanks, one behind the other, all poopin' off. I'd hardly seen them—about five just over the top and coming down to the beach—when the destroyer let off a salvo point blank! And then I didn't see them no more 'cos they just wasn't there!

"We was picking up our chaps as fast as we could. You see, there weren't any piers or anything to lie alongside. They'd run every car and taxi in the place as far as they could into the sea, in a row, and was clamberin' out towards us hangin' on to them. Directly each ship was so full that they couldn't hold one man more, they reversed like mad, swung round and made off across the Channel, with the Huns swooping and screaming above them with machine guns and bombs. Saw a paddle-steamer next to us on the other side catch one......went down like stone, she did......Yes, and I saw a lot of fellows overturn in a small boat, and while they were swimming about, a German came down and opened his petrol cocks over the water where they were. He zoomed up, came round again, and fired tracer bullets into the petrol. He was a *proper* gentleman he was!!! (If that particular German could have heard my Marine's tone of voice, he would have turned in the grave where I hope he now lies).

"Marvellous though, it was! 30,000 was all they expected to get away from FRANCE—and we got 375,000 home safe! But it was mostly British ships. Dutch, did you say? Why, they was half-Nazi. I saw a Dutch motor-boat mucking about, and thought he didn't like it much, when the Jerries came over. Well, I see him with my own eyes, just as we was full up, pass an officer and three men on an air-raft, and instead of stopping and picking them up, he just lit out for home. I told my 'old man.' I said, 'we must pick up these poor blighters, Sir.........we must! ' 'No more room aboard,' he says, 'but throw'em a line, Gunner,' he says. And I did, and we *towed* 'em across, the officer tearing off one of the dead'un's shirts to stuff into

a great hole he had in his thigh. Could *see* it from where I was, but he got into an Air Force tender all right at Folkestone, and I hope he's alive now, for he kept singing out that he was all right, and didn't want nothing except to see the white cliffs again!

"Talk about picking of people at sea, look what we does! We stops a German ship; we salutes with flags and we says, 'Put all your crew into boats and send'em over to us. We'll berth'em and feed'em. Give you twenty minutes'. And what does enemy do? Sinks without warning and lets'em drown." The Marine ruminated a moment. 'Ye-es. *I'd* pick'em, up, I would', I'd pick'em up–*with a machine gun*!!

"..................Yes, to my mind it was Fifth Column what did the Dutch and the Belgians in. Yes, but we had some too, round about then. I remember we got orders to join ship at...............a month or two before this.

"We was on the quay just hanging about to go aboard, when up comes a bloke in red tabs. 'What are you men doing here?' he says. Here's orders for all Marines of.........Division, to report at ROCHESTER—or somewhere. '*Your* ship is cancelled. You'd better get off back, quick!'

'But we're waiting for our officer, Sir,' I said. 'We're supposed to be aboard in half an hour.'

'Don't argue' he says. 'Here's Staff orders,' but when Nobby, my pal next to me, says 'Here's Mr............I'll go and ask him,' Mr. Red-tabs began to move off. I saw Nobby speak to my officer, and I saw him hurry away after the 'Staff' bloke. He comes back about ten minutes later, just when we was getting into the dinghy.

'Well, what happened?' says my officer.

'He didn't seem to want to wait, Sir,' says Nobby.

'What did you do?'

'Shot him in the back, Sir' says Nobby.

'Good lad. Hop in,' says Mr..............and off we went."

And so, with talk of men, and battles, and tragedies and comedies, of the great new guns that fire nearly ten times as fast as those in the last war, with which Vickers-Armstrong have equipped our latest ships, of the names of the *eight* new battleships ready, or just on ready, for our Navy, of the uselessness of "the Iti's" and the foulness of every German, we drew in to POONA.

"Feeling a bit better, now, thank you, Sir" said my Marine, as I handed him over to a Military ambulance. "Praps the old 'ticker' isn't so bad as what they suspected. Anyway, I don't suppose six months convalescence will do me much harm. Reckon I've had my share for a bit."

I reckon he had.

WEEKLY WAR SUMMARY.

27—2—41 to 5—3--41.

WAR OF DIPLOMACY.

A WAR of nerves two weeks ago, a war of words last week and now a war of diplomacy, of Axis intrigue, threat, and guile, backed by massed bayonets on the frontier and tempting bribes (of other peoples' property)—of intimidation and cajolery, both in the Balkans and the Far-eastern theatres.

THE FATE OF BULGARIA.

The principal victim of the week has been BULGARIA, which, as Mr. Churchill so clearly foresaw, has been heading for ruin for some time now. To that warning uttered weeks ago was added Mr. George Rendell's, the British Minister at SOFIA, who announced on February 27 that the time to break off relations was near at hand and that once he left BULGARIA it would become a war zone.

But German intrigue and propaganda, added to Bulgarian cowardice and Quislingism, have drawn the country into the vortex of war, and on March 1st—a black day, indeed, for BULGARIA—her Prime Minister flew to VIENNA and signed the Axis-Japan Pact in the presence of the Foreign Ministers of BERLIN, ROME and TOKYO. Hitler is also said to have been present.

Quick as fate—that is, on the following day—March 2, GERMANY enacted the farce of seeking the permission of the subservient Government, to march German troops into BULGARIA, for a 'limited duration,' 'to maintain peace and quiet in the Balkans', without 'violating' BULGARIA'S 'friendship' with TURKEY or other neighbours. Of course the request was no sooner asked than granted and German troops entered 'in order to protect BULGARIA from BRITAIN'S scheme to spread the war to the Balkans'.

German troops, in fact, are reported to have crossed the Danube on the first of March itself, even before the pact was signed. VARNA, the chief port has been occupied and a general black-out has been ordered. Field Marshal List is in charge of the arrangements. But the rumours that 20 German divisions have arrived must be an exaggeration, as the

only three roads leading in to BULGARIA would not admit of such an influx at so short notice.

By an irony of circumstance, on March 3, while the streets of SOFIA were filling with the Nazi regiments, the Bulgarians were to have celebrated their independence day!

The Russians and Bulgarian people have many points of sympathetic contact, and the Soviet Government hardly conceal their disappointment at the decision of Messrs. Popoff and Filoff. Its somewhat cryptic pronouncement expresses a doubt that the alliance will secure the peace of the Balkans, and declines Russian support for BULGARIA if she becomes involved in the world conflict.

The Bulgarian Minister in LONDON has resigned in protest and BRITAIN has severed diplomatic relations. AMERICA is going to freeze Bulgarian funds in the U. S. A. The occupation of BULGARIA is not going either to deflect the course of the war or decide the final issue. On the other hand, it has opened the door of the Balkans, through which BRITAIN will now be free to bomb the Rumanian oil-fields and move towards the enemy, from the Mediterranean bases.

Hitler's next move may be directed towards GREECE, JUGOSLAVIA, or TURKEY, or all three.

GREECE.

Rumours are already abroad of GERMANY'S intrigues to secure a 'moral and political triumph' by mediating for peace between GREECE and ITALY, hinting at recognition of GREECE'S victories by the offer of a part of ALBANIA, provided she will place certain bases at the disposal of GERMANY for the duration of the war. The alternative is to be an invasion of THRACE, and MACEDONIA, whereby GREECE would have to face both ITALY in ALBANIA and the fresh German forces in the rear.

The possibilities of British assistance to Greece in these pregnant circumstances have doubtless been fully discussed by the Greek and British authorities, and particularly by Mr. Eden and General Sir John Dill, who are now in ATHENS.

YUGO-SLAVIA ON THE BRINK.

No one can envy YUGO-SLAVIA her present position, as a result in BULGARIA'S collapse. But the Yugo-Slavs have an army of tough

fighters, with a strong tradition of independence, and though strategically she has now been surrounded, we need not yet assume that she will become another Nazi doormat.

TURKEY'S ALLEGIANCE.

TURKEY'S recent pact with BULGARIA is largely vitiated by the German coup like other BALKAN STATES. She must find the times difficult, and it is heartening to note that she has again publicly reasserted her loyalty to BRITAIN. The close contact which the British Embassy has established at ANKARA, the recent visit of the British Military Mission, and the still more recent visit of Mr. Eden and General Sir John Dill must all have tended to cement the friendship more closely than ever, Mr. Eden had a most enthusiastic reception on his arrival, and a very warm send-off when he left ANKARA for ATHENS. Sir Stafford Cripps also came down from Moscow to report the Russian attitude.

TURKEY is watching the situation and is expected to take some 'extraordinary defensive measures' at an early date. Meanwhile frightened, presumably, by Mr. Eden's visit and the Prime Minister's fresh assurance, Hitler has sent a special message of 'friendship' to the Turkish President by plane, and it was considered at a special meeting of the Turkish Cabinet.

TURKEY has taken precautions already by mining the Dardenelles and the Bosphorus. Under the Montreaux convention no ships will be permitted to use these waters without a Turkish pass.

DIPLOMACY IN THE FAR-EAST.

An excellent mimic, JAPAN has copied GERMANY'S bullying methods in the French INDO-CHINA—THAILAND dispute insinuating that BRITAIN and AMERICA are working to wreck the peace-conference. She has collected naval and land forces for an attack on INDO-CHINA in alliance with THAI. Simultaneously, pressure on VICHY from GERMANY has induced VICHY to accept the Japanese award in 'principle', and the peace talks are expected to be concluded on Friday.

Mr. Matsuoka may visit Moscow shortly to sign an agreement to demilitarise and rectify the Soviet-Manchurian frontier in favour of RUSSIA and place JAPAN'S privileges in SAKHALIN and her fishing rights in Soviet waters on a commercial basis.

WAR IN AFRICA.

(*a*) **Libya.**—*The surrender of Kufra.* The KUFRA oasis in South LIBYA which had been besieged since February 7 by the Free French Forces and troops from the Cameroons surrendered on Wednesday, but the Italians keep it a secret from fear of repercussions in North AFRICA. Thus KUFRA and JARABUB, the only two oases from which the Italians could have threatened the British advance have been subjugated.

The Army of the Nile has been taking the rest badly needed after the fall of BENGHAZI, after an unprecedented drive of 5C0 miles in two months and has been over-hauling its war appurtenances and bringing up supplies.

West of EL AGHEILA British troops once encountered what looked like a column of German mechanised vehicles and drove them off. Ciano's paper *Telegrapho* states that German troops have arrived in LIBYA but the report has obtained no credence in LONDON.

(*b*) **Eritrea**—*The capture of Nakfa and Kelamet.* NAKFA and KELAMET on the way to CHEREN from the north, as well as an important pass guarding its approach, have been taken. CHEREN itself is a tough place to capture being situated on peaks commanded by Italian artillery but the British artillery stationed on other peaks around are carrying on a hide-and-seek duel, the gun positions being continually changed under cover of shrub and rock.

(*c*) **Italian Somaliland**—*Bardera, Villaggio Duca, Degli Abruzz, Isha Baidoa and Bulo Burti.* All these four places were occupied during the week. The first, 200 miles up the Juba river, is the seat of a residency, the second 80 miles beyond MOGADISHU is a model village, the third and fourth are about 170 miles north-west and north respectively of MOGADISHU. The enemy is evacuating all the hinterland between the Juba river and LADBI SIBAI—an area as large as ENGLAND and WALES put together and is retreating towards ADDIS ABABA and HARAR. These fan-shaped operations threaten the heart of ABYSSINIA. 16,000 prisoners have been so far captured in the East AFRICAN campaign.

Abyssinia—*Lieutenant General Cunningham's proclamation.* Patriot troops have inflicted heavy losses on BURYE in the GOJJAM area.

Lieutenant General Cunningham has issued a proclamation announcing military Government of territories "formerly ruled, claimed or occupied by the Italian Government in ETHIOPIA and Italian SOMALILAND."

War in Albania—*Earthquake at Larissa.* On February 28, the R. A. F. shot down 27 enemy planes in ALBANIA and raided VALONA.

An earthquake on March 1st rendered 24,000 inhabitants homeless at LARISSA in THESSALY. While men, women and children were being rescued from the ruins Italian planes bombed the city twice and were finally shot down. Italians were also reported to have attacked Italian prisoners at PREVESA and their Blackshirts to have fired on their own advance infantry to prevent retreat.

Snow storms are still heavy and the Italians are said to be using the lull in the weather to strengthen their defences. The Greeks have smashed several local counter-attacks in the central sector.

War at sea—(1) The latest example of BRITAIN'S command of the sea is the arrival this week of thousands of Canadian troops across the Atlantic, without any accident from bomb, shell, torpedo or mine.

(2) *Lofoten Islands* off the Norvik Fjord were raided by the R. A. F. on the 4th.

(3) *Castelloriza*, an island of the DODECANESE group, about two miles off the Turkish coast was occupied by British forces and subsequently relinquished, after accomplishing their specific object.

(4) Blockade of GERMANY has been tightened by refusing Navicerts and certificates of origin for goods covered by Italo-German Insurance companies. As NEW YORK is also taking similar action, the step is calculated to control about 98 per cent. of the world's hull insurance.

Tangier—The Spanish Government have given an assurance not to fortify TANGIER and to respect BRITAIN'S economic rights and institutions in that region.

WAR IN THE AIR.

The R. A. F. carried out day-light attacks and offensive sweeps over the invasion bases, COLOGNE, WILHELMSHAVEN, EMDEN and LIST. The enemy's tactics over BRITAIN are changing from indiscriminate attacks on LONDON and provincial cities to an attempted blockade of coastal towns.

ITALY.

Graziani, the Italian General in LIBYA is now rumoured to be a prisoner in ROME. The story is told how, as early as last June, he tendered his resignation but withdrew it at the Duce's bidding. From the very beginning he knew the Egyptian adventure was doomed to failure and warned the authorities against the dangers of encirclement. But as it was Mussolini's pet scheme, he was overruled. It is said that he has now returned to ROME, resigned from the Fascist party and been ordered to 'remain in ROME.'

RUMANIA.

RUMANIA has concluded a commercial treaty to exchange naptha and other minerals worth 8,000,000 dollars for cotton and manganese from the Soviet.

A 'Yes' or 'No' *plebiscite* on Nazi lines, under the double terror of German forces and Antonescu's Iron Guards was held on Sunday to ascertain the volume of public opinion in favour of the present Rumanian Government. The final results of voting were 'Yes' 201,800; 'No' 2,588.

GERMAN ATROCITIES.

(1) A young Jew of Polish origin was arrested last year but he escaped. 300 Jewish hostages were imprisoned on this account, of whom a hundred were recently shot as the escaped prisoner did not return.

(2) There are 200,000 Jews in the NETHERLANDS, who fare no better. They are being deported to POLAND to be confined in a reservation around LUBLIN. A ghetto is also being got ready in AMSTERDAM for them.

Dutch wireless services have been taken over, universities closed and school boys imprisoned.

PARIS is losing the habit of reading newspapers as they are all full of lying propaganda and goes to cinemas instead. Increasing French disgust with the Germans is silently shown by avoidance of contact and boycott.

BRITISH PATRIOTISM.

166 members of the House of Lords and 116 members of the House of Commons are now serving in His Majesty's Forces—31 in the Navy, 26 in the R. A. F. and 225 in the Army.

In response to Lord Woolton's (the Food Minister's) appeal, the Board of Admiralty, Army and Navy has voluntarily reduced its rations of meat, sugar and tea.

INSURANCE AGAINST AIR-RAID DAMAGE.

A scheme is under preparation for reparation to families and properties affected by air-raids. Provision will also be made for a cheap insurance scheme.

WELCOME TO THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.

History was made on the first of March when His Majesty drove to a railway station to welcome in person Mr. John Winant, the U. S. A. Ambassador to LONDON, thereby reciprocating the good will shown by President Roosevelt when he personally received Lord Halifax at WASHINGTON.

AMERICAN HELP.

American opinion is rather confused on the extent of aid to be given to BRITAIN on the sea. The *New York Times* says that AMERICA is prepared to give protection for convoys. Admiral Stark, Chief of Naval operations, has objected to the transfer of more destroyers. The Maritime Commission is of the opinion that no more merchant ships can be spared.

Among the obstructionist methods employed by the Opposition to the Lease and Lend Bill is the attempt of Senator Lodge Jr. to displace it by substituting a loan of 2,000 million dollars.

INDIA'S BUDGET.

In introducing the Central Budget in the Assembly on the 28th, Sir Jeremy Raisman, Finance Member, stated that the strengthening of all arms of India's defence services would cost Rs. 24 crores this year and Rs. 35 crores additionally next year; and proposed to meet the deficit by increasing the Excess Profits tax to 66⅔% and the Central Surcharge on Income-tax and Super-tax to 33⅓%. He also pointed out the benefit resulting from the recent repatriation of sterling loans by which India's external debt would be reduced by 120 crores, and the great impetus given to Indian industries by the manufacture of war material.

R. A. F. Raids over Enemy and Enemy-occupied Territories.

Date.	Targets.	R. A. F. & Allied aircraft losses.	Enemy aircraft losses and results of air bombardment.
24—2—41. (Monday).			
	GERMANY and GERMAN-occupied EUROPE.		
	The Docks and a GERMAN cruiser of the "HIPPER" class berthed in BREST.	...	Heavily damaged. Cruiser hit.
	ALBANIA.		
	Camps (Italian) along the TEPELENI-VALONA Road.	...	Many planes damaged. 4 planes.
	Motor transport on the road near KLISSURA.	...	...
	Troops transports at DUKAJ ...	...	Heavily bombed.
	ITALIAN AFRICA.		
	The Aerodrome at ADDIS ABABA (Capital of ABYSSINIA).	...	Heavily damaged.
	Fuel dumps at NEFASIT (ERITREA)...	...	Set on fire.
25—2—41. (Tuesday).			
	GERMANY and GERMAN-occupied EUROPE.		
DAY :—			
	Offensive sweep over the ENGLISH CHANNEL and the French coast.	...	3 planes and one plane damaged.
	Shipping off the French coast ...	...	...
	A submarine assembly and repair depot at FLUSHING.	...	...
NIGHT :—			
	Industrial targets in the RUHR ...	...	Damaged.
	Aerodromes in occupied FRANCE ...	...	...
	The Invasion ports of BOULOGNE, DUNKIRK and CALAIS.	1 plane.	Straddled with bombs.
	ALBANIA.		
	Military buildings, motor transport and troop concentrations on the TEPELENI-KLISSURA Road.	No loss.	Heavy loss.

Date.	Targets.	R. A. F. & Allied aircraft losses.	Enemy aircraft losses and results of air bombardment.
25—2—41.	**(Tuesday)**—*cont.*		
	ITALIAN AFRICA.		
	Barracks, the Wireless station and mechanical transport at LUGH.	...	...
	A road construction camp at DOLO ...	...	...
	Aerodrome buildings and barracks at MADERA.	...	Directly hit.
26—2—41.	**(Wednesday).**		
	GERMANY and GERMAN-occupied EUROPE.		
	DAY :—		
	Offensive sweep over the ENGLISH CHANNEL and Northern FRANCE.	...	...
	The docks at CALAIS ...	1 plane	Direct hits on the jetty.
	NIGHT :—		
	Warehouses, Factories, Oil storage tanks and other industrial objects at COLOGNE.	...	Very heavy damage; 150 large fires started.
	Ports in Enemy-occupied countries including BOULOGNE and FLUSHING.	4 planes	Fires started.
	Enemy air-bases in Northern FRANCE	...	2 planes.
	ALBANIA.		
	Concentration of Motor vehicles at LUZATI (near TEPELENI).	...	Large fires started.
	Military Camps at FJERI ...	...	...
	A convoy of cargo ships off VALONA.	...	Directly hit.
	ITALIAN AFRICA.		
	Stores and troop concentrations and supply dumps in the CHEREN area.	...	Fires started.
	A large transport yard at ASSAB ...	...	...
	Ammunition stores and other military objectives near MASSAWA.	...	...
	The railway-bridge at HAWASH (near ADDIS ABABA).	...	The bridge and a track damaged.

Date.	Targets.	R. A. F. & Allied aircraft losses.	Enemy aircraft losses and results of air bombardment.
27—2—41. (Thursday).			
	ALBANIA.		
	Aerodrome, Hangars and administrative buildings at VALONA.	...	...
	Aerial fight over ALBANIA ...	No loss	9 planes.
	Italian positions and concentrations in ALBANIA.	...	...
	ITALIAN AFRICA.		
	Barracks at BUR ACABA ...	...	...
	Warehouses at IHIA BAIDOA ...	...	Buildings burnt.
	Lorries parked on the ground at BURG BURTI.	...	Heavy loss.
	Transport vehicles in YAVELLO and NEGHELLI areas.	...	Fires started.
	Aerial reconnaissance of TRIPOLI ...	...	...
28—2—41. (Friday.)			
	GERMANY and GERMAN-occupied EUROPE.		
	The docks at WILHELMSHAVEN ...	...	...
	The port of EMDEN ...	...	...
	Aerodromes in North-west GERMANY and HOLLAND.	...	...
	ALBANIA.		
	Aerial encounters in many places over ALBANIA.	No loss.	26 planes shot down. 9 other planes damaged.
	CONDRA village east of TEPELENI...	...	...
	ITALIAN AFRICA.		
	Aerial combat near BENGHAZI and near CHEREN.	...	1 plane. 2 planes.
	The railway station at ASMARA ...	...	...
	Traffic on the ASMARA-CHEREN road	...	...
	ASSAB, BERBERA and **NEGHELLI** ...	...	...
	Lorries on the road between DESSIE and MATTALE.	...	...

Date.	Targets.	R. A. F. & Allied aircraft losses.	Enemy aircraft losses and results of air bombardment.
28—2—41.	**(Friday.)**—*cont.*		
	ITALIAN AFRICA—*cont.*		
	Supporting the troops in ERITREA and ABYSSINIA.	...	...
	Italian troop positions south of CHEREN.	...	Considerable damage and casualties caused.
	Aerodrome at ZULA ...	...	1 large transport aircraft damaged.
	Railway track between CHEREN and ASMARA.	...	...
	A large motor transport park and repair shops at DESSIE.	...	...
	Motor transport park at NEGHELLI...	...	...
1—3—41.	**(Saturday.)**		
	GERMANY and GERMAN-occupied EUROPE.		
	DAY :—		
	Offensive sweep over the coast of Northern FRANCE.	...	4 planes shot down.
	Targets at QUIBERON (BRITTANY) and on the DUTCH coast.	No loss.	Heavy damage.
	NIGHT :—		
	Industrial areas at COLOGNE ...	...	...
	Docks, Railway targets and oil installations in the RUHR, at ROTTERDAM and BOULOGNE.	...	Great damage wrought.
	ALBANIA.		
	Air combat over the TEPELENI area	No loss.	3 planes.
	Supporting the Greek army in its operations in ALBANIA.	...	...
	Ammunition dump, military barracks and stores at VALONA.	...	Explosions and fires started.
	Buildings at BERAT ...	...	Many demolished.
	Enemy positions near BUZI ...	...	...

Date	Targets.	R. A. F. & Allied aircraft losses.	Enemy aircraft losses and results of air bombardment.
1—3—41.	**(Saturday)**—*cont.*		
	ITALIAN AFRICA.		
	Enemy positions in the neighbourhood of CHEREN.	...	...
	Motor transport vehicles on the aerodrome near ASMARA.	...	...
2—3—41.	**(Sunday.)**		
	GERMANY and GERMAN-occupied EUROPE.		
	A convoy of enemy ships in the NORTH SEA.	...	A vessel sunk.
	An enemy sea-plane base and enemy shipping off the DUTCH coast.	...	...
	Docks and Dock-side buildings and a cruiser of the 'HIPPER' class at BREST.	...	Buildings crashed. Fires and explosions started.
	Enemy aerodromes in occupied territories.	2 planes.	...
	ALBANIA.		
	Hangars and buildings at BERAT aerodrome.	...	2 planes on the ground destroyed; many others damaged.
	Supporting the Greek army in ALBANIA.	...	2 planes.
	ITALIAN AFRICA.		
	Enemy positions, gun-positions, troop concentrations and motor transport in and around CHEREN.	...	Heavily damaged.
	Military objectives at BURYE ...	...	Fires and explosions started.
	Supporting the army in Italian East AFRICA.	1 plane.	...

Enemy Raids over BRITAIN, BRITISH Territories, GREECE and Greek-occupied ALBANIA.

Date.	Targets.	Enemy aircraft losses	R. A. F. & Allied aircraft losses and results of air bombardment.
25—2—41. (Tuesday).			
	BRITAIN.		
NIGHT :—			
	East ANGLIA, a North-east **town** and two MIDLAND towns.	1 plane.	Little damage and a few casualties.
	ALBANIA.		
	Greek positions along the road from KORITZA towards FLORINA.	...	...
	MEDITERRANEAN.		
	MALTA	3 planes.	No damage.
26—2—41. (Wednesday).			
	BRITAIN.		
DAY :—			
	LONDON outskirts, **a town** in South-east ENGLAND and the THAMES ESTUARY.	...	Slight damage and a few casualties.
NIGHT :—			
	Coastal areas of KENT and East ANGLIA.	...	A few killed.
	MEDITERRANEAN.		
	MALTA (two attacks)	7 planes shot down and 6 probables.	No damage or casualties.
27—2—41. (Thursday).			
	BRITAIN.		
DAY :—			
	Outskirts of LONDON, a number of places in East ANGLIA and an East coast town.	2 planes.	Slight damage and a small number of casualties.
NIGHT :—			
	No air activity.		

Date.	Targets.	Enemy aircraft losses.	R. A. F. & Allied aircraft losses and results of air bombardment.
27—2—41. (Thursday.)—*cont.*			
	GREECE.		
	PREVESA, FLORINA and **CORFU** ...	...	Civilians injured.
28—2—41. (Friday).			
	BRITAIN.		
	DAY :—		
	DOVER area ...	...	Slight damage.
	NIGHT :—		
	HOME COUNTIES, East ANGLIA and LONDON.	...	Only slight damage.
	MEDITERRANEAN.		
	MALTA ...	...	Driven away.
1—3—41. (Saturday).			
	BRITAIN.		
	DAY :—		
	No air activity ...	...	...
	NIGHT :—		
	A town on the East coast of ENGLAND, SCOTLAND and some other parts of ENGLAND.	...	Slight damage. A few killed.
	MEDITERRANEAN.		
	MALTA ...	...	2 civilians injured.
2—3—41. (Sunday).			
	BRITAIN.		
	DAY :—		
	East coast, **a few places** in North SCOTLAND and East ANGLIA.	...	Little damage and no casualties.
	NIGHT :—		
	LONDON and **a small town** in South-west ENGLAND.	...	Damage to houses and some casualties.

Date.	Targets.	Enemy aircraft losses.	R. A. F. & Allied aircraft losses and results of air bombardment.
2—3—41. **(Sunday.)**—*cont.*			
	GREECE.		
	The earthquake stricken city of LARISSA.	...	Driven away before doing much harm.
3—3—41. **(Monday).**			
	BRITAIN.		
	DAY :—		
	KENT coast and **a town** in KENT ...	1 plane.	1 plane. A few injured.
	NIGHT :—		
	A town in South WALES; **a few points** along the North-east coast and South-east SCOTLAND and a few other places.	...	A few injured and a few killed. Fire started but soon put out.
	GREECE.		
	LARISSA (the earthquake stricken city in THESSALY).	...	...
	PREVESA ...	...	Italian prisoners of war injured.

SIDE LIGHTS.

The turnip bogle again. Blood-curdling is an old Nazi game. In the past it has been partially successful, to be sure, but fresh attention to this sinister pastime is generally a sign that all is not well with the Axis. Do you remember the last bout? GERMANY had been staggered by the victory of BRITAIN over the invasion project, subsequent to the collapse of FRANCE. Soon the world rang with threats of swift and appalling revenge. Peace was to be signed in September in BERLIN, over a prostrate BRITAIN; JAPAN joined the Tripartite Pact; Germans were being invited to occupy SPAIN and shut up the Mediterranean; Laval was to supersede the obstinate Pétain; AMERICA was to be frightened away both by JAPAN and a multiplied submarine campaign in the Atlantic—in fact it was all over bar the shouting.

But just as with the 'secret weapon' and the magnetic mine, something went wrong—very badly wrong for Hitler. The Greeks wiped the floor with the Italians in ALBANIA; General Wavell quietly mopped up Mossolini's African Empire, and BRITAIN kept Christmas much as usual. And so, for the last couple of months, another German campaign of blood-curdling has filled the press and the radio. JAPAN is to march south and west to new glory; the Balkans are to be swallowed piecemeal; and even before the retribution of invasion falls upon BRITAIN, she will have capitulated to the want and starvation inflicted by a fresh submarine campaign.

Without speculating as to the result of all or any of these gambits, let us remember two things. The first is that in the past the fiery mouth, gleaming eyes and brandishing arms of the Hun proved reminiscent of those scarecrows at Home made of a hollowed turnip hoisted on a swathed stick, with a candle shining through the eye and teeth-holes, frightening to the nervous or the guilty, but certainly not to staunch people convinced of the rightness of their cause and conduct. The second is that great leaders do not advertise. They act, and then report—accurately.

We did not hear what General, Wavell *was going to do*; we heard what he had so satisfactorily *done*. We did not hear that BRITAIN had decided to ask for naval aid in the Far East from AMERICA, or military reinforcements from AUSTRALIA. We merely hear that thousands of the latter *have now landed* in MALAYA, and that American concentrations in GUAM Island and other Pacific strongholds *have been* effected.

No, it is only when you have to ginger up your own people to further unpopular effort that you may have to sacrifice that most important of military principles, secrecy—even if you hope to obscure the issue by multiplication of alleged objectives.

The flames spread. Nevertheless, another period of great stress is at hand. *The Germans failed to win the war of Europe. They now propose to make the war involve the whole World.*

In spite of the over-running of POLAND, NORWAY the Low Countries and FRANCE, Axis successes were empty as long as BRITAIN did not curl up. In the result, the British Navy blockades still more effectively Nazified EUROPE, and the British spirit nurtures deathless hope in the subjugated countries. We repeat—the Germans have lost the battle of EUROPE. Before they are overthrown by external pressure or internal revolution, or both, they must 'think again'.

The incendiary. Hitler, as we know, has always been totalitarian. Unless be can establish his New Order *totally*, and throughout the world, he will have failed. So he has aimed at turning EUROPE into one vast factory and farm from which to maintain conquering German hosts in AFRICA, in ASIA, yes, and the AMERICAS. The methods are perfectly familiar—political infiltration, economic pressure and then sudden violent action and *within the bounds of Europe* he has been, and is still being, partially successful.

But this 'partially' is the great snag. BRITAIN is still unsubdued. She is even stronger than she was at the height of Hitler's success. Moreover her successful resistance has given another great Power, not in EUROPE, time both to think and to begin to act. Very well, runs Hitler's mind, we shall have to be more totalitarian. Not BRITAIN only but the Empire itself must be attacked. I'll cut it in half. I'll dominate North AFRICA from DAKAR to ALEXANDRIA, by making the Straits between SICILY and TUNIS a new SUEZ CANAL (German). I'll throw in JAPAN against AMERICA. I'll pinch the Balkans for a European springboard for my spectacular dive into the waters of world-war. Rather a long jump from there to BRITAIN, you say? Well perhaps I'll give an exhibition dive in the nature of an invasion of ENGLAND first.

The megalmaniac. You see what has happened.? Hitler is being forced on an adventure impossible of achievement. His theory worked just so far—and then circumstances (in other words the British spirit, cause and power) took charge. Now he is compelled to accept the challenge which his own threats have created. He has to stake everything on a single throw—world-wide war.

The challenge. I do not suppose that Hitler's mesmerised dupes in GERMANY, or the panic-blinded neutrals in South East EUROPE will read these notes, but surely no one who thinks at all can controvert the truth of the following. For two hundred years, the Navy

of BRITAIN has enabled her to fulfil three great roles—and still enables her. These were :—

(*a*) To be a great European Power.

(*b*) To be the hub of a world-wide empire, and

(*c*) To be the principal bulwark of AMERICA against aggression from EUROPE.

When, therefore, Hitler failed to defeat ENGLAND last summer, *the results were not confined to Britain* or even to EUROPE. In AFRICA, we could, despite our danger at home, reinforce the Nile Army into an empire-conquering force. We have kept the seas open for our men and foodstuffs and munitions to reach required destinations all over the world, until corner after corner of it is armed and ready against the enemy. Our successful resistance roused the richest and most resourceful Power in the world to full appreciation of their own perils, and to mighty and not altogether self-interested support of their English cousins, and finally, it re-established BRITAIN as leader of an embattled Commonwealth of Nations, and the advance guard of American liberties. THAT IS WHAT HITLER IS TAKING ON !

A new ally. Forgive us if this heading raises any false hopes ! It is not that the Northern Polar Regions or the Equatorial Pigmies have suddenly signed a pact with BRITAIN, but merely that the War Information Bureau has managed to add another medium of information to this Bulletin and their programme of lectures. Almost as soon as you read this, we hope to be in possession of a programme of War Films, and Projectors for exhibiting them, which will bring many of the subjects of which you only read here or hear from our lecturers, actually before your eyes. We estimate that these 16mm. films can be comfortably seen by a thousand or more people at a time, and that at least three score places in the State may expect a completely new fifty-minute programme each month ! Meanwhile we express our sincere gratitude to the War Fund Entertainments Committee who have made possible the purchase of a very necessary adjunct to this Film scheme, namely the new station-wagon you now see going with W. I. B. proudly written above it.

BRITAIN SPEAKS.

A fascinating study of character by

J. L. Hodson, the well-known Lancashire Author.

I am one of those people they call a war correspondent and it has been part of my work to see our fighting men at close hand. I saw them before Dunkirk and I saw them after Dunkirk. I watched them go to Germany to bomb Berlin and I welcomed them back. I have been to sea in small warships and I have been with our anti-aircraft batteries firing at the German bombers over London at night and I have been with search lights, lighting up the sky. I don't profess to know all about these men, as a matter of fact they are pretty difficult to understand, I belong to the generation which fought in the last war and I have got a son in this war in the air force. I regard my generation as the people who have let this new generation in for a lot of dirty work. We have landed them in an intolerable mess. It's the responsibility of my generation and if we were doing all the nasty jobs, I would say that was justice, even poetic justice.

Now these lads who are doing the fighting probably know that just as well as I do but I have never yet heard a single one refer to it. Never once have I heard one of them, mention us middle aged men in terms of criticism or abuse and never once have I heard them complain of having to dispose of Mr. Hitler and his gang and of his armies and air force, which outnumber them several to one. I tell you frankly that I don't altogether understand it. I have asked myself how I should have liked to go up in the air and fight one against ten as our airmen did in Flanders or go up four or five times in a day one against three or four as they have been doing lately. I think I should have a good deal to say about it. Put yourself in their place. How would you have liked it. Mr. Churchill said something about it which was very interesting. He said, "Never have so many," meaning you and me, "owed so much to so few". But what do you think the lads in the air force said about Mr. Churchill's remark, not all of them but some of them. They made a joke of it. They said, 'That must refer to our mess bills, so many owing so much to so few'".

Now there you have part of the explanation of the character of our men. They refused to be heroic. They don't find war glamorous. They know too much about it. They read books and saw films about the last one. They have had a long schooling. News of China, news of Abyssinia, Spain, Poland, Finland. One of the common sayings in France last winter was "There is no enthusiasm for this war". Well, why should there be? You don't get enthusiastic about an operation for appendicitis or going to the dentist; it's one of those

unpleasant and uncomfortable things that has got to be done, and that's how our men look on this war. They didn't want it and they will be glad when it's over, but they are going to have that appendix and those teeth out, every one that ought to come out. They are so determined about it, that they can afford to be quite honest about it. Going out to France a second time on a troop-ship last June, one of my colleagues said to a group of tommies, "You will be glad to have a crack at Jerry, I suppose?" They replied, "Yes sure and we will be glad to be back too". I don't suppose you get German soldiers talking that way. They would be talking of how they were going to mop up the enemy, of how Mr. Hitler was a genius, or they were all Aryans or some other drivel of that sort or perhaps not. Perhaps even they are getting a little sense knocked into their heads. But anyhow you won't get British fighting men talking of how they are going to knock the enemy into the middle of next week. They are more likely to be singing, "Oh my, I don't want to die, I want to go home". Yes, they want to go home but they are not going home, if you know what I mean. It's their way. They are grousers and masters of the understatement, and it isn't confined to the men either. The Brigadier in a tank corps told me last week that he is giving his latest ten tanks the names of the British towns that have suffered heavily in the Blitz. When one of his men heard that, he said, "Save one for my home, Sir, the Jerries ai'nt been to see us yet". Mr. Hitler would n't understand that attitude in a thousand years.

Now our airmen, this new British aristocracy of ours, which is drawn mostly from the middle class, are the same. It isn't easy to get into their skins either. There's one side of them which looks at air fights as a kind of sporting event but there is, another side to it which makes him look several years older and much sterner, as soon as they get into the cockpit and take over the controls. I have flown alongside the captain of a big bomber and seen his face become as though it were carved in stone. When we got down I asked him if the risk bothers him much. He said, "No, that's all poppy cock". He said if some don't come back from the serious raids over Germany those who do return have their celebrations just the same. "No reference as a rule", he said, "is made to the lads who have gone west, but if it is they are merely said to have 'fallen in the 'Drake'". Drake being their name for that grey winter sea. I sometimes think they are a braver and tougher lot than their fathers were and I sometimes think on the other hand, they have built around themselves a slightly ironic and sardonic shell of armour which they won't allow to be pierced. You need some kind of armour when you go up into the sky, three or four times a day, as fighters do on busy days and when each time you go, you don't know whether you are coming back. But

they don't talk about whether they will come back or not. One pilot who used to be a policeman said to me, "What we are worrying about isn't whether we will all be killed, but what we will sell after the war whether it's razor blades or silk stockings". But they are not always as serious as that either. An air gunner told me that he had his 34th birthday right over the Unter Den Linden the other night. And he sang for the crew in celebration, over their internal radiophone. They have got a genius for doing that sort of thing, for putting a homely note or a humorous note into the middle of this war. The other night I was with the anti-aircraft gunners during the raid. These lads were from Belfast and I noticed that whenever they let off a gun and sent a shell screaming into the sky they said, "That's one for Gladys or one for Dorothy or whichever girl was the man's favourite". They sent shells up for all their fathers and mothers and pals at home.

Similarly during the retreat to Dunkirk you could find a man here and there carrying a canary. I knew a man in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment who entered the battle in his armoured carrier with a pet rabbit at his feet. And I know a Colonel of the Black Watch who marched a long way with the crook of his walking stick in the collar of the goat and his Sergeant Major led along the calf by the ear. The Sergeant Major said, "It was a grand 'un, because every time we halted I could lean on the calf". When you talk to them about that historic rear guard action, they don't want to tell you how they beat off a German attack or had a ship sunk under them in the English Channel, but how they milked a cow when water ran out, or how they saw the Medical Officer putting wounded men into women's clothes because their own clothes were wringing wet, or how they saw British soldiers fighting in bowler hats.

They will talk about any thing but courage. But the courage was not lacking. Did you hear of the Colonel of the Black Watch who saw a tank of a kind he did not know? He walked up to it, lifted his walking stick and shouted at it, "I am British". It scurried off as if he were some kind of a wizard *and it was a German tank.* Did you hear of the young doctor of the Ulster Rifles who delivered a woman of a baby during the fighting in Louvain? It was this same young doctor who told me another story. He was walking down from the beach at La-Salle; the roadside was littered with dead and dying. Suddenly a voice called out, "Is that the Second Grenadiers?" The doctor went to the man and saw he was dreadfully wounded. "No", he said, "We aren't the Grenadiers. I am afraid they have gone on. I will try and find a stretcher bearer for you". All the dying Grenadier replied was, "Leave to fall out, Sir, please", which is the request the Grenadier makes when he wants to leave the ranks on the march.

It's a queer thing how all the fighting men think the others have the worst jobs. It might well be the other way but it isn't. When I was out in the bitter North-Sea, the sea men spoke of how uncomfortable it must be in trenches. They said, "Everywhere we go we carry our kitchens with us and we are warm when we go down below". When I flew in the Sunderland flying boat over the Atlantic, the airmen said, "I would not like to be rolling about in that destroyer down there" and they winked a greeting with the signal lamp, meaning good hunting, while down on the destroyer they were saying, "Those fellows have a devil of a long way to drop if they fall out. Imagine bailing out over ice sea". And yet in that cold sea men can preserve some equanimity though they don't preserve it long. But I know a Blue Jacket who had been torpedoed and was swimming about and who when a drifter came near him to pick him shouted, "Ay, you keep away from me! You always bump everything you come alongside". Well, you know, there's something exceedingly tough there. There is a fibre that all the Hitlers in the world will make mighty little impression on. It reminded me of the officers I met at Dover who had just landed from Dunkirk. Time after time, when I asked them how they had been getting along, they said, "Well, we had a very interesting time". And a Lancashire Fusilier the other day talking to me about the threatened invasion said, "We shall polish them off here all right. We shall be on our own ground". He might have been talking about foot-ball. There is not one of them who isn't sure that, provided they have enough equipment and tanks, planes and what not, they see them off the premises, as we say. And to see that they have enough equipment of the right sort is our job, mine and yours!

Good night.

THE TRUTH ABOUT INVASION
HOW HITLER MIGHT ATTACK
STRONG CARDS IN BRITAIN'S HANDS
ROLE OF ARMY, NAVY AND AIR FORCE.

by

R. A. K. Ensor, in the Sunday Times.

Invasion is one of those topics which keep bobbing up in war-time discussions and then bobbing down again. At intervals the tale goes round that it is due to occur at some date near ahead. The date passes and nothing happens. Sometimes we are told that it has happened already and that many corpses of German soldiers drowned in the attempt have been washed up on

our shores. The vogue of this legend may be compared with that during the last war of the equally groundless legend about Russian troops landing in Great Britain.

People oscillate in this way from scare-mongering to scepticism. Neither is the correct attitude in the circumstances. Would-be sceptics should listen to the Prime Minister, who must have as full access as anyone on our side to the available facts and who continuously warns us to be on our guard against the danger continually present. **But this danger need not hold for us the terror of indefiniteness. If it comes it is bound to conform to one or the other of certain patterns.** And there is much to be said for getting a clear notion beforehand of what those patterns are.

By a successful combined use of soldiers and aircraft, Hitler might conquer Great Britain and win the war. Save for the slow and doubtful alternative of a submarine blockade, there is no other way in which he could hope to do so. That alone would ensure his thinking along invasion lines. But there are other reasons why he should—above all the prestige of his army. If Germany is to win the war it must be, as it has always been, the army that wins it. And the *Luftwaffe*, by its very name, is only part of that army—an "arm" like artillery or cavalry, not a "force".

Broadly speaking, the attempted invasion may take either or both of these two forms. The first is that of a raid or (for this is most likely to occur in the plural) **raids.** The second is that of an **invasion in force.**

Raids might be launched anywhere at any time. The unit employed in each case would be quite small. It would be dumped hastily on our soil by transporting aircraft or perhaps at night by a ship. It would have no line of communication with its continental base and there would be no means of replenishing its petrol or its munitions save on a very limited scale by aircraft. Its aim would not be to conduct a regular campaign but to dash about and do the maximum damage before it was rounded up.

Call its members, if you like, a suicide brigade or, if you prefer, a demolition party. Supposing they are lucky, they might destroy telephones, key factories, stores and power stations, but perhaps their most important function would be to create panic and to perplex our strategy. For this the most effective plan would be a number of raids nearly simultaneous in time but in widely separated areas. Even Eire could be reached from Finisterre. Most of the raiders would probably be motor-cyclists equipped with tommy-guns and machine-guns and also with charges of guncotton for demolition work. Carried out with the necessary recklessness, such expeditions might achieve results far out-balancing the loss of the men engaged on them.

It is in parrying this menace that the Home Guard should find its principal sphere of usefulness. The elderly men who largely compose it are old soldiers of the last war, though they may not be fitted for field operations on a large scale. But Guards on the spot in each district, ready to block the way against raiding parties the moment they appear, might have a very high value indeed.

Raids, however disconcerting, cannot be decisive. To conquer Britain Hitler needs an invasion in force. That is quite a different proposition. Let us see what it would imply. **It means landing and establishing on British soil a complete large army. Such an army must include a very strong force not only of tanks aud mechanised troops, but artillery with guns of many sorts and sizes, of engineers and pioneers with bridge making, road making and fortification material, of provisioning units with stores, of hospital units, repair units and much else besides, and at an early stage ground staffs for acquired aerodromes. Further, it would need a perpetual flow of supplies—especially petrol and munitions—from its bases on the Continent.**

Such large quantities of men and materials **could not be carried by air!** They could only come by sea and **could only be landed in bulk at ports.** Even if the earliest units were put ashore on the beaches, their first objective must be to seize ports for the rest. To land an army and to maintain the current of supplies for even a lightning campaign Hitler would have to reckon on **establishing a reasonably secure corridor across the water** and on holding it against attacks by the British Navy for a period of not less than four weeks.

Where and how could this conceivably be done ? In only one place and in only one way. It could only be done at the narrows of the English Channel; that is only Sussex, Kent and part of Essex are possible areas for landing. The way would be to lay two broad minefields from coast to coast with a corridor secured between them. The crux of the problem would be to prevent the British Navy from sweeping up the mines.

It is tolerably clear how Hitler has proposed to protect his minefields. Partly by shore-batteries (including long-range guns) but for the crucial zone, which is the zone nearest the English coast, mainly by aircraft. The whole scheme for an invasion in force **assumes possession by the invader of overwhelming superiority in the air.** Such superiority Hitler has exercised in the last year in Norway, Holland, Belgium and France—the kind of superiority which enables its possessor not merely to do night-bombing but to fly freely over his enemy lines at any hour and almost at any level and to work his will on them in daylight.

Whenever the balance of air power is tipped as heavily in favour of one side as that, an army in the field within the area affected can do very little in the face of it. So much has been illustrated not only by the German victories but more recently by our own in Libya. But can aircraft bully fleets as sucessfully as they can armies? The Germans thought so before the war and it was on this that they based their chief hope of cancelling our naval superiority. Nor have they abandoned the idea. **Their recent choice of strategy for helping the Italians in the Mediterranean—the interception of our ships by bombers in the Sicilian Straits—shows them still persuaded of it.**

The truth is that the issue, aircraft *versus* ships, has not yet been fought out. The Germans failed in the Channel last August and September because their bid to exercise against England the same air superiority as they had exercised against France was defeated by the unanticipated excellence of our Hurricanes and Spitfires. Had they won it, they may still think they could have ousted our Navy.

It is reasonable to expect that this bid will be renewed. They have had the winter in which to multiply new aircraft and should be able to take the air this spring with greatly improved types. Let us hope the R. A. F.'s improvements may prove to have been greater.

Raids can be planned for any season, but invasion in force cannot. Hitler, who has not been a private soldier for nothing, does not believe in starting great military offensives before April or May. Nor would it be prudent to lay great minefields until well after the period of equinoctial gales.

For sea-borne raids, long winter nights would in some ways be best. Why have none occurred? Not, we may be sure, through any unwillingness of young Germans to sacrifice themselves. The more probable reason is that the raids would produce the maximum effect of surprise and distraction if synchronised with a big invasion and that Hitler is saving them up for that purpose. Thus the fact that he has not yet raided, supports the idea that he still plans to invade.

If his attempt goes forward we may be sure that the Germans will put their maximum weight into the punch. **The preliminary trial of strength between aircraft will be terrific. But supposing the R. A. F. wins that round as thoroughly even as it won it last year, the invasion cannot be launched.** And its frustration might materially hasten Germany's collapse.

The ordeal for us will be severe. It may prove our severest yet. Local raids, if multiplied, can inflict great suffering. Nevertheless all the best cards will be in our hands and we may draw courage from reflecting that the Germans would never play such a desperately unpromising game were any better alternative open to them.

HITLER'S DEMANDS ON FRANCE.

IMPORTANCE OF RAILWAY LINES INTO ITALY.

HOW GERMAN TROOPS AND MATERIAL MAY BE MOVED?

by

(*The Diplomatic Correspondent of the* **Daily Telegraph.**)

THERE is full confidence in London that Marshal Pétain will continue to resist the three demands which were made on him by Hitler with a view to facilitating attacks against the British in the Mediterranean.

The Marshal is above all playing a waiting game, but the question arises: How long will Hitler consent to wait? France is only part of his general plans. He has three times asked for and been denied the use of the French Navy and Mediterranean ports.

Attention was drawn in the *Daily Telegraph* to German preparations for using French railway lines leading to Italy, and the demand is again being pressed with the utmost urgency. To understand it fully it is necessary to look further afield, especially to Sicily and Bulgaria.

For the purpose of military strategy, Sicily may be taken to include the whole of the "boot" of Italy, the heel of which is opposite the Albanian coast and about 50 miles away. The western tip of Sicily is about 250 miles away from the French naval base of Bizerta in Tunisia. The southernmost point is only 75 miles from Malta. Benghazi is 425 miles distant.

Hitler and his generals are now devoting their whole energies into turning this Sicilian area into a hornets' nest from which there is a menace to Albania, Malta and Tunisia, and above all the shipping passing through the Straits of Sicily and Taranto.

Airmen and materials are being poured southwards along the Italian railways, which are well-equipped with marshalling yards, and capable of handling both passenger and goods traffic.

So long as Switzerland remains neutral however, and there are political reasons for assuming that she is not immediately threatened, rail movement from Germany into Italy encounters a serious bottle-neck on the Brenner Pass.

Both this line and the alternative line via Villach are congested and in bad repair and the German General Staff is pressing hard for the use of the two lines running through France.

The first of these gives access to Italy via Dijon, Lyons and the Modane tunnel. It is a first-class double line with good facilities for dealing with all types of traffic.

The second route is via Marseilles, Nice and Ventimiglia. It is a double line on the French side and a single line with double sections between Ventimiglia and Genoa. It is well-equipped for passenger, and less well-equipped for goods traffic. Linking up through Toulouse with the southern portion of Occupied France, it would be used mainly for the transport of the troops concentrated there.

The Germans are not being content with air men and skeleton ground staffs in Sicily. For every hundred first-line planes installed there a ground staff of about 2,500 men is being provided, and this number is greatly swollen by troops and other arms.

Germany is taking her own anti-aircraft guns, gun crews, troops for the protection of aerodromes, engineers who are supervising rapaid construction by Italian workmen of new fields, and finally large bodies of the Gestapo.

When the consolidation has been completed from the viewpoint of tanks, artillery and troops may follow according to the nature of the campaign.

There is reason to believe that this overwhelming need for the French railways may prove a decisive issue in the present crisis, and that Germany will demand "running powers" whether full occupation takes place or not.

Another strategic iron in Hitler's fire is the invasion of Bulgaria as a prelude to the demand that Greece should cede or be conquered by a pincer stroke. The other stroke of the claw is exposed however to the British Navy and Air Force, being on the eastern side of the heel of Italy.

German troops in Rumania are ranged along the northern bank of the Danube, ready to move across unopposed when the signal is given.

Here weather plays an important part; the Danube which started to melt at an unusually early time has now frozen over again, there is deep snow and operations at the moment would be extremely difficult. The climate of Sicily however is a less unfavourable factor, which contributes to the impatience of the German High Command.

Repeated appeals over the French radio for volunteers for French fighting services may be timed to coincide with the crisis, and to ascertain and encourage the spirit of resistance existing among young Frenchmen.

Such appeals are perfectly legitimate under the armistice terms, because the French Army is, like the German Army after the last war, being forcibly converted from a conscript to a volunteer one. As the men are demobilised, therefore, attempts are made to replace them on an enlistment basis.

FASCISM IS DEAD

NAZIS SUPPORTING CORPSE SAYS FAMOUS JOURNALIST.

Mr. Leland Stowe, the well-known war correspondent of the **Chicago Daily News** *has returned to New York after spending nearly a year and a half on Europe's battle-fronts and covering the Italo-Greek war. He gives the following impression of the position in Italy :*

There is no more Fascism in Italy. Only the Fascist corpse is being held up by the Nazis. Italy will be kept in the war only by the complete domination of the country by German troops. How many German troops are already in Italy I am unable to say, but I predict that there will be 200,000 to 300,000 there by the spring.

Only the severe winter weather has prevented the Greek army from capturing Valona and driving the Italians into the sea. Unless strong German aid is sent soon to the Italian army, Italy will be completely out of the war. It is very doubtful whether the Italians alone can stage a comeback. The only hope of this happening depends on whether Hitler can send 500 bombers to the front.

The Italian debacle in Greece is due first to the fact that Mussolini thought the war would be a parade ; secondly, poor Italian staff work ; and thirdly the misuse of air power to terrorise civilians instead of destroying military concentration centres and lines of communication.

The sudden death of General Metaxas, Greek Prime Minister, will not mean any slackening in Greece's war effort though it might have proved disastrous at the beginning of the war. British planes have played an important part in helping to destroy Mussolini's legions.

'LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN'

IS NOT A BAD MOTTO WHILE THE WAR IS ON. HERE ARE SOME OF THE JOKES NOW GOING THE ROUNDS IN NAZI GERMANY.

(*With acknowledgments to* ***Sunday Standard***, *Bombay.*)

1. A pig, a dog and a goat went to Germany. The pig returned immediately and said, " It's terrible. They are eating all the filth and there's none left for me."

The dog swiftly followed and said, "It's terrible. I could not even bark Only one man is allowed to bark in Germany."

Six months later the goat reappeared. "It's terrible," he reported "When I got to the frontier they looked at my nose and my beard, said I must be a Jew, and put me in a concentration camp."

* * * * *

2. "Why does Hitler always sit in the front row when he goes to a theatre?"

"Because that is the only place where he has the people behind him."

* * * * *

3. When Hitler began his notorious purges, hundreds of Germans flocked to join the Storm Troopers merely for their own protection.

One day a man was walking along one of the main streets in Berlin when he saw a friend wearing the hated uniform.

"What is this?" he asked. "You, a rabid old Communist, in the uniform of a Storm Trooper!"

"Quiet," whispered the Communist. "What's wrong in that? I'm on the best terms with the men. As for the two Nazis in the company—well, we just refuse to have anything to do with them."

* * * * *

4. At an inn near Berlin a tourist asked the inn-keeper how business was. "Oh, fine!" he replied.

"So it is true," said the tourist, "that business is better since Hitler came into power?"

"Yah," responded the proprietor, "things are wonderful now. One country, one Leader, one customer."

* * * * *

5. The Fuehrer and Goering paid a secret visit to the Baltic coast They hired a rowing-boat and Goering took the oars while Adolf sat behind. When they were out of sight of land Hitler looked round furtively and then said, "Now can I put my plan into action?"

Anxiously Goering asked, "What are you going to do, Adolf?"

The Fuehrer leaned forward and whispered, "I'm going to see if I can do this walking-on-water stunt."

* * * * *

6. Most Germans believe that the Reichstag fire was "arranged" to put the blame on the Communists. In connection with this the following joke is current:

An adjutant dashed into Goering's room and exclaimed: "Your Excellency! The Reichstag is burning!"........."What!" said Goering, looking at his watch: "Already?"

* * * * *

7. The Fuehrer and Goering were travelling in a car one day, and they were filling each other's ears with State secrets. As they paused for a traffic light another car drew alongside. In it were two men who happened to yawn.

"Arrest these two men," Goering instructed his guard. "They have been eaves dropping."

* * * * *

8. A tiger escaped from the zoo in Berlin and created havoc among the farms on the outskirts of the city. Notices were put up offering a prize for its capture, "dead or alive."

Two Jews read the notice and suddenly one paled and whispered to the other, "I think we ought to escape before we're shot."

"But why?" asked the other mystified. "We're not tigers."

"I know," stuttered the first Jew. "But can we prove it?"

Examples of Misleading Statements in Enemy Broadcasts to India and the Near East for the period February 17—23, 1941.

A.—BROADCASTS IN ENGLISH.

WHO BEGAN IT?

DOUBTLESS in expectation of the wrath to come, the Nazi radio all this week has been trying to shift responsibility for the horrors of aerial warfare from German shoulders to those of the R. A. F. On February 19, for instance, Berlin stated categorically that it was British airmen who first began the bombing of enemy cities behind the lines, and that they were therefore to blame for the sufferings of their own civilians as a result of the *Luftwaffes'* "retaliatory raids".

In support of this contention, the Germans quote British sources as a reminder that the R. A. F. started bombing objectives inside Germany as early as May 1940—*i. e.*, before the Nazis began their air *Blitzkrieg* on British cities and towns.

Quite apart from the fact that there is overwhelming neutral testimony that **the R. A. F. displays scrupulous care and great skill in bombing only military objectives, whereas the Nazi raids on Britain have all along been indiscriminate,** Dr. Goebbels is unwise to bring up the question of dates at all.

Has he forgotten that German airmen were bombing Polish cities, towns and villages, and machine-gunning Polish refugees in the open country, **during the very earliest days of the Polish campaign in September, 1939?** Does he imagine that the world has forgotten the fiendish destruction of the fair city of Warsaw, which surrendered to the Germans on September 27 **after every one of its 50 hospitals had been reduced to ruins, and the disruption of sewers and water-mains threatened epidemics?**

The crime of Warsaw was attested at the time by independent and reputable neutral observers, among them being American, Egyptian and Scandinavian diplomats and journalists ; nor did the Germans then attempt to disclaim the responsibility. **On the contrary, Dr. Goebbels himself prepared a propaganda film, *Baptism of Fire* "featuring" the destruction of Warsaw, which was exhibited in neutral countries—and which, incidentally was received with horror by the then still neutral Italians.**

RIGHT ACROSS—AND BACK AGAIN.

Everybody knows by now that—according to Dr. Goebbels—British bombs on Germany seldom hit anything but hospitals, creches, workmen's dwellings or open country, and that "attic fires in private houses" represent the maximum damage which the Berlin radio permits the R. A. F. to inflict on Germany's war machine.

It was no surprise, therefore, to be told by Berlin last Monday that "no British planes entered Germany last night" even though on that particular night the R. A. F. had penetrated more deeply into Germany and German-occupied territory than on any previous occasion since the war began. **To carry out their record-breaking, 1,800-mile flight from Britain to Poland and back, in the course of which they dropped leaflets on Cracow and Katowice, the R. A. F.'s pilots not only "entered Germany" but flew right across it—twice.**

TO-DAY'S PROPHECIES—AND YESTERDAY'S.

Along with the smoke-screen of rumours which Germany has recently been throwing out in the Balkans, her propagandists have begun to revive last year's threat of an imminent invasion of Britain. The Nazi radio itself,

of course, is taking a prominent part in this new campaign, and on February 23 there was broadcast a quotation from the *Voelkescher Beobachter*, which concluded : " The decisive phase of the war will follow in due course.............. Britain is doomed."

These new Nazi prophecies make interesting reading ; so do their old ones. Here are some of the things which the enemy wireless told us last year.

On July 18, soon after the French collapse and when Britain's situation did indeed look perilous :

" The German artillery will smash everything to bits. London will become a heap of ruins, and the poor wretches waiting for the Nazis will never see them. The remnants of the streets of London will remain quiet for ever ".

On August 17, when the Luftwaffe's mass daylight raids on the English coast were beginning :

" The German attack has no parallel in history ".

On September 11, a few days before Hitler's mid-month invasion plan was to be put into operation :

" London lies utterly destroyed ".

On September 19, a few days after that plan had been given up, because the R. A. F. had smashed the German invasion preparations :

" Observation flights over London have revealed that the entire metropolis has been destroyed ".

B.—BROADCASTS IN ASIATIC LANGUAGES.

NAZI VERSION OF CHRISTIANITY.

Dr. Goebbels' Hindustani broadcast of February 20 proudly announced that the German churches continued to receive assistance even during the war. But what is this church to which the pagan Nazis owe allegiance ? The following quotations will furnish the answer :—

(*a*) " Adolf Hitler is the voice of Jesus Christ, who desired to become the flesh and blood of the German people, and did become flesh and blood ".—*Dr. Rev. Leutheuser quoted in* ***Fraenkische Wacht,*** *Feb. 8, 1934.*

(*b*) " Our leader becomes the intermediary between his people and the throne of God...........Everything which our leader utters is religion in the highest sense, in its deepest and most hidden meaning ".—*Dr. Goebbels on Hitler's mission, March 29, 1936.*

(c) " Hitler is a new, a greater, a more powerful Jesus Christ. Our God, Our Pope is Adolph Hitler".—*The Nazi leader Binne, quoted in the Saarbruckner Landeszeitung.*

GERMANS SPREAD EPIDEMICS IN INDIA.

On February 21, the German broadcast in Hindustani referred to Indian reports of epidemics in Bombay, and accused the British Government in India of having done nothing to improve Indian Health.

Epidemics like small-pox are a seasonal phenomenon, and usually break out at this time of the year. And, as for the charge that the Government "allows" thousands of Indians to fall victim of these epidemics, we should note that **the estimated increase in population for the decade ending this year is 13.4 per cent, a record unsurpassed for the last 60 years.** The growth of population at the end of each decade has varied according to the incidence of famines and epidemics; and this unprecedented increase in the population of the country is due mainly to the fact that, **during the last 18 years, India has been free from major epidemics.**

BRITAIN'S STEEL RESOURCES.

On February 17 the Nazi broadcasts in Hindustani and Persian published a report that by removing and melting iron railings in front of the British Parliament, Britain has obtained 15 tons of iron ore, and deduced that Britain is facing an acute shortage of iron. Berlin need have no illusions on this score. As long ago as November 27, 1940, Mr. Arthur Greenwood was in a position to announce that since the outbreak of war, the British output of war equipment had been more than trebled, and the output of some fighting material had been quadrupled.

Moreover Britain can, to an ever-increasing extent, depend upon the steel output of the U. S. A., which will in 1941 exceed 80 million tons, and is more than the rest of the world's steel put together.

THE TURKO-BULGARIAN PACT.

On February 21, the German broadcasts in Hindustani, Persian and Arabic quoted one of the Nazi papers as stating that the pact of non-aggression between Turkey and Bulgaria had spelt a diplomatic defeat for Britain. We wonder if the Nazis are aware of the reactions of the Turkish newspaper, *Aksham* which, commenting on this pact, says: **" If foreign circles have thought that it might be possible for the Turks to act in a manner contrary to the stipulations of the alliance with Britain they are greatly mistaken".** This Turkish paper further says, " Turkey has made the Anglo-Turkish alliance her national and permanent policy ".

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

WAR FILMS

The War Information Bureau have great pleasure in announcing that with the sanction and kind assistance of the Darbar their Lecturers will shortly be able to take round with them a series of Film programmes illustrative of the War in its various aspects.

These programmes consist in part of actual cinematography in war zones by the 20th Century Fox Film Corporation, and partially of cognate Indian subjects photographed by the organisation set up for the purpose by the Government of India, through the Bombay Government. There are three separate pictures in each programme, and the Bureau feel sure that they will prove a welcome addition to the lectures, and to the Weekly Bulletin.

The War Fund Entertainments Committee have been good enough to present the Bureau with a Station-wagon in which to convey the projectors, screens and films to the lecture centres, but in order to facilitate the working of the new lecture-programme necessary to provide some sixty centres in the State with a fresh cinema-show once every month, we particularly request the public of Pudukkottai to :—

(*a*) note that the usual time of the lecture will be **6.00 p. m.** or **6.30 p. m.** (as notified).

(*b*) **be absolutely punctual** at these lectures, since the War Information Bureau van will have to serve two centres on same evening.

Practical experience proves that at least one thousand persons can see these films with comfort, so when you hear of a Lecture announced for your village,

COME........BUT BE PUNCTUAL.

PROGRAMME OF LECTURES

OF THE

Pudukkottai State War Information Bureau.

1941—

LECTURE XXXIV.

March	... 8, Saturday ...	Town Hall	...	6.30 p. m.
	9, Sunday ...	Vayalogam	...	9.30 a. m.
		Kudumiamalai	...	9.45 a. m.
		Tirugokarnam	...	5.30 p. m.
	10, Monday ...	College (B) Tamil	...	10.25 a. m.
		Rani's School	...	10.25 a. m.
		Tirumayyam	...	5.30 p. m.
		Konapet	...	6.00 p. m.
	11, Tuesday ...	Nachandupatti	...	5.30 p. m.
		Virachilai	...	6.00 p. m.
	12, Wednesday.	Puduppatti (Ponnamaravathi).		5.30 p. m.
		Vendampatti	...	6.00 p. m.
	14, Friday ...	C. S. M. School	...	10.00 a. m.

LECTURE XXXV.

15, Saturday ...	Town Hall	...	6.30 p. m.
16, Sunday ...	Annavasal	...	6.00 p. m.
	Kilakkurichi	...	6.30 p. m.
17, Monday ...	College (B) Tamil	...	10.25 a. m.
	Rani's School	...	10.25 a. m.
	Nirpalani	...	6.00 p. m.
	Avoor	...	6.30 p. m.
18, Tuesday ...	Alangudi	...	6.00 p. m
	Rasiamangalam	...	6.30 p. m.
19, Wednesday.	Kulipirai	...	6.00 p. m.
	Sundaram	...	6.30 p. m.
20, Thursday ...	Ramachandrapuram	...	6.00 p. m.
	Rayavaram	...	6.30 p. m.
21, Friday ...	C. S. M. School	...	10.00 a. m.
	Madagam	...	6.00 p. m.
	Yembal	...	6.30 p. m.

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